To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yf he wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And hedgd me by his wit to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtoode as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlewe the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart moſt daring on the earth:
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſ'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.
Portia. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to runne from this Iewe my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*,